

11621. a. 2
34

A

GARLAND

OF

New Songs,

CONTAINING

-
1. *Crazy Jane.*
 2. *The Death of Crazy Jane.*
 3. *The Ghost of Crazy Jane.*
 4. *Miss Bailey's Ghost.*
 5. *Hooly and Fairly.*
 6. *Colinette.*
-

NEWCASTLE:

PRINTED BY DAVID BASS,

FOOT OF PILGRIM-STREET.

Crazy Jane.

WHY, fair maid, in ev'ry feature
 Are such signs of fear express'd ?
 Can a wandering wretched creature
 With such terror fill thy breast ?
 Do my frenzied looks alarm thee ?
 Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain ;
 Not for kingdoms would I harm thee,
 Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish ?
 Mark me, and avoid my woe ;
 When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
 Think them false—I found them so
 For I lov'd, oh ! so sincerely,
 None can ever love again ;
 But the youth I lov'd so dearly
 Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
 Which was doom'd to love but one ;
 He seem'd true, and I believ'd him—
 He was false and I undone ;
 From that hour has reason never
 Held it's empire o'er my brain,
 I fled, with him for ever
 I the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
 Still with frenzied thoughts beset
 On that spot where last we parted,
 On that spot where first we met ;
 Still I sing my love-lorn dirty,
 Still I slowly pace the plain,
 While each passer by, in pity,
 Cries, God help thee, Crazy Jane.

The Death of Crazy Jane.

IN awful gloom the tufted grove,
 Where sleeps in peace the luckless maid.
 No more re-echo frantic love,
 Or wanton lend th'embow'ring shade.
 The bell now tolls, and warns the gay
 In distant sounds, yet not in vain ;
 For ev'ry stranger's heard to say,
 Alas ! no more is Crazy Jane !

Who wanders here with silent tread !
 Forbid him not, list to the strain ;
 'Tis Henry weeps, the mourner fled,
 O never to return again.
 Now solemn toll's the doleful bell,
 'Tis for the fair, whose sighs were vain ;
 Say, friends around, who feel each knell,
 Alas ! no more is Crazy Jane.

The Ghost of Crazy Jane.

THE ev'ning of a summer's day,
 Without a thought to cheer,
 A lovely damsel seem'd to say,
 Why is not Henry here?
 With trembling steps and drooping head,
 She slowly cross'd the plain,
 Her hopelels heart, she often said,
 Shed tears for Crazy Jane.

For love deserted, broken vows,
 Of false and perjur'd man,
 She did the fickle god accuse,
 Which could her heart trepan.
 The dusky night began to draw
 It's influence o'er the main;
 She starts she looks, she surely saw
 The Ghost of Crazy Jane.

Now trembling at the awful scene,
 She saw the spectre move,
 And gently gliding o'er the green,
 Soon lost it in the grove:
 There wand'ring 'midst the lonely wood,
 With sadnels in her train,
 Is often seen in direful mood,
 The Ghost of Crazy Jane.

Miss Bailey's Ghost.

A Captain bold, in Halifax, that dwelt in country
 quarters
 Seduc'd a maid, who hang'd herself, one Monday in her
 garters ;
 His wicked conscience smited him ; he lost his stomach
 daily ;
 He took to drinking ratafia, and thought upon Miss Bailey,
 Oh ! Miss Bailey ! unfortunate Miss Bailey

One night, betimes, he went to rest, for he had caught a
 fever ;
 Says he, ' I am a handsome man, but I'm a gay deceiver.'
 His candle, just at twelve o'clock, began to burn quite
 'palely ;
 A ghost stepp'd up to his bed-side, and said, ' Behold
 Miss Bailey !'

O ! Miss Bailey, &c.

' Avant, Miss Bailey,' then he cried, ' your face looks
 white and mealy,'—
 ' Dear Captain Smith,' the ghost replied, ' you've us'd me
 ungentleely.
 The Crowners quest goes hard with me, because I've acted
 frailly,
 And Parson Biggs won't bury me tho' I am dead Miss
 Bailey.
 Oh ! Miss Bailey, &c.

"Dear Corpse," says he "since you and I, accounts must
once for all close,

I've got a one-pound Note, in my regimental small-cloaths;
Twill bribe the sexton, for your Grave; the Ghost then
vanish'd gaily,

Crying, "bless you wicked Captain Smith, remember poor
Miss Bailey.

Oh! Miss Bailey, &c.

Hooly and Fairly.

OH! what a fool was I for to marry,
My Wife will drink naething but Sack and
Canary,

I went to her friends to complain right airly,

O kin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly,

O kin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

She has drunken her stockens, and then her shoon,
And then she has drunken her bonny new gown,
And she has drunken the smock that cover'd her
early,

O kin my Wife, &c.

First she drank Crummie and syne she drunk Garie
And now she has drunken my bonny gray Marie
That carried me ay thro' the Dub and the Laxie,

O kin my Wife, &c.

My bonny white Mittins I drew on my Hands,
 Into my next Neighbour she laid them in pawn,
 And my bane-headed staff which I lov'd so dearly
 O kin my Wife, &c.

If there's ony siller she maun keep the purse,
 If I seek but a baabie, she'll scald and she'll curse,
 She gangs like a Queen, I scrimpit and sparely,
 O kin my Wife, &c.

A pint with her Kimmers I wou'd allow,
 But when she sits down, she fills herself fu'
 And when she is fu', she's very cumstary.
 O kin my Wife, &c.

And when she comes hame, she roars and she rants
 She neither fears God, Devils, nor Saints;
 But play up some foolish Lilt, lilt up my Heart
Charlie.

O kin my Wife, &c.

If she'd drink but her ain Things I wad na much
 care,
 She drinks my claihs I canna weel spare,
 So th' Kirk and Market I'se gang fu' barely.
 O kin my Wife, &c.

When she comes hame she lies with the Lads,
 And she ca's the Lassies baith Bitches and Jades,
 And! my ain sel a poor Cuckold Early.

O kin my Wife wad drink hooly and fairly,
 O kin my Wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

Colinette.

YOUNG Colinette, a lovely maid,
 Had she been wife, as she was fair,
 By Lubin had not been betray'd;
 Who prais'd her shape, and prais'd her air,
 And stole her heart away:
 Ah! well-a-day.

By vows as false, as false could be,
 He ruin'd lovely Colinette;
 And careless then away went he,
 And left the maid to pine and fret,
 And sigh her life away:
 Ah! well-a-day.

10 JU 52

FINIS